

The Wichita Daily Eagle

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THE ENVY AND PROTEST OF SOCIALISM.

Were Socialism to become dominant, enterprise would be paralyzed, individual ambition would droop, and all progress come to a standstill, and logically, and in accordance with the thesis of the Socialistic party itself. Down in Pennsylvania the Socialists in state convention adopted a platform in which among other things they declared that "another irrepressible conflict is in our midst, caused by the private ownership of the means of production," and in which there is an appeal to the working classes to unite with the purpose of wresting political power from the exploiting class and using the same as a means of bringing about their own economic emancipation.

Doubtless this Pennsylvania contingent is made up of sincere men, who nevertheless are impractical dreamers. The spirit of Socialism seems to be a thing of envy of the successful on one side, and a protest against about every existing condition imaginable; envy of men who through their efforts and enterprise have succeeded, and a protest against conditions which make for success and for great achievements of every character. As for anything else the attitude of the Socialistic party seems to be that of the highwayman whose command is "stand and deliver." What promise or hope would there be of enterprise, progress and development, what of hope beyond a mere monotonous existence? Supposing on the founding of this government, one hundred years ago, Socialism had become the dominant policy, where would have been any of the great achievements boasted today, where the development of the west, the triumphs of industry and of science, the wealth and magnificence of the country; where its railroads, and its works and wonders which we as a nation of people boast?

Socialism is more than impractical dream. It is a complaint begotten of dissatisfaction, an anger inspired by failure, a threat of the unequal. Instead of prompting humanity to its best it frowns, sulks and discourages. That Pennsylvania platform and Wilshire's preachings to the contrary America is not the soil in which Socialism can ever flourish. It cannot grow with a people who know and realize that to possess the earth and the fullness thereof it is only necessary to put forth intelligent effort. Even the utilities for which Socialism cries for and demands public ownership of are the results, are the creations of individual effort, stimulated by enterprise, inspired by the spirit of to dare and do.

THE TROUBLES OF OUR FELLOW CITIZENS.

The ten million people of our ten thousand islands on the other side of the world have their own troubles, and probably always have had. They must have had some tough experiences under Spanish rulers who cared nothing for them as subjects except what they could squeeze out of them. They have had, however, both famine and pestilence since we took possession. The latest which has befallen our little brown brother and fellow citizen is a terrible hurricane which wrecked ships off the coasts and destroyed much property on shore. The damages, in money, have not been computed, but they will be a grievous burden to a country which has been sorely afflicted in the last few years.

After a bitter and devastating war between the natives and their old masters, the Spaniards, came the long and bloody struggle of the followers of Aguinaldo against the United States. That severe strain upon the resources of the islands was hardly ended before a cattle plague swept away a large part of the beasts of burden in the most important islands. The natives were left without proper means of tilling the soil, at a time when their working strength had been much reduced by wars and the resulting havoc of conflicts lasting through many years.

At the same time cholera swept many provinces and killed not less than 150,000 natives. Between the ravages of that pestilence and the loss of draft animals, following the ruinous work of war, it was impossible to grow the usual food supply for the islands, and even with the population cut down by manifold disasters there was lack of provisions, especially of rice. Meanwhile the weather was extremely unfavorable, in wide areas. Now comes a terrific hurricane.

American rule has not had a fair chance under such circumstances in strange islands inhabited by a people unlike any other with which this country has had intimate relations. The real test of American government will come when normal conditions of industry, climate, public health and trade relations exist for at least three or four years in succession.

SAFE SKYSCRAPERS.

One of the natural fears often expressed by persons who were pioneers in the use of great modern "skyscrapers" was that the extreme elevation of such buildings would make them the special targets for lightning. It seemed certain, to some, that any structure projecting far into the air above surrounding buildings must be more exposed than any old-fashioned blocks to the perils of thunderstorms. But they have proved quite safe from lightning. Their steel framework makes them vast conductors of electricity, and the fluid is so diffused in passing into huge masses of metal that it does no harm worthy of mention and is not at all a source of danger to inmates of these great modern towers of commerce. There is probably no safer place, in a violent thunderstorm, than the inside of a huge office building. These big blocks, which are distinctively American in origin and characteristics, are confounding their critics in many ways. They do not blow over in great storms of wind. They have furnished no fearful tragedies by fire, as many predicted would be the case. They do not fall down because the metal frames which hold them up rust or crystallize. Nothing happens which was feared by pessimistic conservatives when the first buildings more than eight or nine stories high were erected. In this case, as in many others, the sanguine expectations of daring and enterprising men were far more accurate than the forebodings of those who clung to old ways and shrunk from radical changes.

A BRIDGE FOR HIS GHOST.

New York has bestowed herself of her neglect of Henry Hudson, the captain who discovered Manhattan island and the Hudson river a quarter of a

millennial ago and is going to do something for him. As is well known Henry never got home again after he discovered New York, but was marooned up in Hudson bay by his Dutch crew and was perhaps eaten by the cannibal Indians. At any rate it is well known that his ghost still haunts the environs of New York and his shadowy crew under his leadership plays a game of bowls once a year in the Kaatskills. Now these ghosts have to swim the Spuyten Duyvil creek every time they want to cross it and it has occurred to the patriotic New Yorkers in the course of the festivities held in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of their city, to build a bridge for the late explorer who found the site and gave the river and the harbor and the island with the appurtenances thereof belonging to the Netherlands who kept it for the English and Yankees who succeeded them. It is to be a gorgeous affair, this bridge for Henry Hudson, called by pedantic historians "Hendrick," though that wasn't the name he went by even among his Dutch patrons and doubtless will please the ghosts very much and perhaps they will roll their balls on it hereafter in lieu of seeking an alley up in the Kaatskills.

KISHINEFF'S ONE TALE OF HORROR.

Russian officials and the Russian papers are worrying over the world's verdict on the Kishineff horror. Its press is pleading for a fair hearing before the American people. It is thought that the Emperor is behind this press appeal. It is needless to remind us of the good offices of Russia in the past, however "politically unripe" our people may be, or however badly afflicted with Anglophobia Mr. Hay may be. But here is a specific atrocity which all the papers of Europe as well as America have declared to be most infamous and revolting. Nor is it easy to exempt the government of Russia from responsibility for the horrors of Kishineff, however willing we may be to give the czar credit for being personally a humane monarch. One of the leading Russian journals says that the Russian foreign office should immediately publish in English a sketch of the relations between the Russian and American governments, beginning with the time of Catherine and ending with the Spanish-American war, from both diplomatic archives and American published records, and send the same to 3,000 American papers. Such a sketch would doubtless be well received, but it is hard to see how it would atone for one of the most infamous outbreaks of popular fanaticism recorded in history.

We may forget the Siberian prisons and all the infamies which history records of Russia, but Kishineff still tells its own tale of horror.

UNENDING YANKEE INGENUITY.

Wireless telegraphy is marvelous enough, but an application of the principle by a Massachusetts Yankee which permits him to sit on the shore and navigate a boat in the stream by it, surpasses all. By means of the transmitter on the shore the inventor sends wireless impulses to the boat and is able to make it weigh anchor, cast off, go ahead, back water and perform all other movements of a real vessel.

The inventor is now at work on a model of a lifeboat to be similarly managed, which he believes he can put to practice on big boats. That is to say, at the life saving stations a boat could be sent off when it was too rough for a crew to handle her and by means of his wireless machinery she could be managed without human hands and be made to rescue shipwrecked sailors.

CHECK TO THE TIN TRUST.

It is stated in a report from Singapore that the government of the Malay states has imposed a prohibitive duty on the export of tin ore, unless it is smelted within the colony. This step is designed to check an attempt to create a combination in the tin trade by the Standard Oil, the United States Steel Corporation and the American Tin Plate Company, who propose to import the ore into the United States free of duty and re-export the smelted article.

AN EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones, The labor of an age in piled stones? Or that his hallowed relics should be hid Under a stony-pointing pyramid? Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, What needst thou such weak witness of thy name? Thou in our wonder and astonishment Hast built thyself a living monument. For whilst to the shame of slow-envying art Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book Those Delphic lines with deep impression took, Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving, Dost make us marble with too much conceiving; And so sepulchred in some pomp dost lie, That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. —MILTON.

A young fellow who rescued a young woman, in North Topeka, landing with her in an elm tree, where he had to hold her all night, in the mean nearly chilling to death while talking to her of the surrounding scenery, on being asked if he couldn't have kept warm by snuggling closer up to the girl, replied: "She was awful wet."

It will cost the Union Pacific railroad \$50,000 per mile for repairs for a distance of 200 miles in Kansas, and the Santa Fe and Rock Island about \$1,500 per mile each for a like distance. Floods are no respecter of persons if they do have it in for corporations.

The statisticians are now asserting that gold is depreciating in value owing to increased production. Well, what's the matter with demonetizing it and falling back on diamonds for a standard?

And now little Queen Wilhelmina, the one crown wearer whom the whole world loves, is reported to be the victim of consumption and her doctors recommend that she be taken to Egypt for a year.

It is announced that Senator Burton is advocating the storage of the flood waters of the Kaw for irrigating purposes. It would take about twenty-five counties to hold the surplus water.

The contract for building the battleship "Kansas" has been let for \$4,175,000, and will be built at Camden, New Jersey, by the New York Ship-building company.

That humbug railway freight rating basing line of silt and sewage was sure enough navigable for a brief space last week, at least between the two Kansas Cities.

Quay and his Pennsylvania crowd of press maulers and political hoodlums will fall down in their attempt to down Hanna.

Emporia's latest row is over a doctor who insists on practicing in spite of the order of the state board of examiners.

THE PERAMBULATOR.

The old perambulator had undoubtedly fallen on evil days. Time was when four little bearded Ballingers had been jibbed and trundled and jolted through infancy within that caging wickerwork, now so fallen away.

And for eight eventful years it had served, indeed, not only as cradle and bed for these same young Ballingers, but on rare occasions, it must be confessed, it was ushered into the service as general delivery wagon for divers family washing from the Ballinger Hand Laundry.

But this many a day it had lain neglected and abandoned in a dark corner of the tenement basement. There, ignominiously marooned under a heap of broken wash-tubs and discarded tinware, the venerable and once rock-bottomed old perambulator was seemingly given over to dust and mildew.

But west of Sixth and east of Third avenue there are just two kinds of small boys. They are those who have wagons and those who have not. And for this reason it would be wrong to say that the Ballinger perambulator had been altogether forgotten.

For months past certain sharp young eyes had inspected it enviously through the gloom. Certain inquisitive young fingers had shrewdly examined its somewhat wobbly looking wheels. These same fingers, in fact, had even secretly and studiously added further damage to the old perambulator's wickerwork body—so often and so carefully patched up and woven forcibly together with bits of coarse string—the better to establish some final claim of general uselessness for that much dilapidated family vehicle. For with very little bolstering Patsy Ballinger perceived, those four wheels could be made as good as new. Then, then, indeed, the rosiest dream of his life should be attained.

To own a hand wagon, once to possess a luxurious four-wheeler of his own, had long been the most sugared fancy of Patsy Ballinger's adolescent days. As runner of errands, as distributor in general of the Ballinger Hand Laundry, and as family gatherer of kindling wood and overlooked vegetables from the opulent neighborhood of Washington Market, Patsy had grown to see great possibilities in those four old wheels. To coax and wheedle them from a fond but none too indulgent mother Patsy early enough realized as impossible. So he had decided to "pinch" them. All that he now awaited was the right opportunity.

One momentous afternoon he even called in his bosom friend and fellow picker-up of the unconsidered trifles, Binnie Doogan, taking discreet advantage of an unlooked-for and, I must confess, almost gleefully welcomed intermission on the part of his parent to haul out the old perambulator and put its four well worn wheels to the most abusive and dangerous of tests. They heroically withstood each of these assaults, however, and when Patsy exhibited to Binnie the comestuous box (on which was branded the mystic legend, "New York State Eggs") which he had long harbored in secret against the time the wheels should be his, Binnie was for the construction of the wagon at once and on the spot.

"Hully gee, Patsy, dey'd make a peach!" was his only comment, viewing the upturned carriage with the air of a connoisseur. And Patsy knew that with one brief half hour's work the transformation could be brought about, and the pretzel of those wheels, possessing the finest of delivery wagons, the fleetest of coasting vehicles and the most luxurious of pleasure carriages, all in one. But still he hesitated. The enormity of it all somewhat overpowered him.

It was not, indeed, till Binnie artfully intimated to Mamie Ziska, who of late had shown lamentable signs of softening toward Ike Weinberg, that Patsy had come into possession of a four-wheeler of his own that the still vacillating plunderer took any step. Once Mamie had pledged herself for an extended tour to the wharves of Thirteenth avenue Patsy straightway appropriated the one waiting bolt from the ironwork of the fire escape and meekly carried home what he knew was to be his last fearful of kindling wood. From that day forth, he determined, it should come on wheels.

"I guess 'ings is comin' my way, aw right, aw right!" was his last thought as he saw the drawn blinds of the Ballinger Laundry, and assumed therefrom that he should have a clear coast for action on the following day.

Then it was that the unexpected happened. For reasons he could not fathom at the moment a pale-faced young man emerged from the Ballinger doorway, carrying a black hand-satchel.

Within he found old Mother Connors in possession, and there, standing in the front room of the little flat, was the old perambulator itself, once more bound up with many cords and once more filled up to its wickerwork body with a commodious blanket. From the depths of this blanket, while he looked, arose the sound of snoring and hungry voice wailing. And Patsy knew that the worst had happened.

For one moment he looked, and then, with flushed face and indignant eyes, he fled from the house—fled, shamed and broken, to the river front, where he tried to hide his fall from the eyes of men and lose his sorrow in pelting the cart drivers going to and from the Twentieth street dump.

"Where's me Patsy?" asked the young mother weakly, calling, as mothers will be such hours, for her first-born.

"Where's me Patsy?" she asked repeatedly throughout the day, and it was late that afternoon before old Mother Connors could lay hands on the indignant youth and drag him bodily in to his mother's bedside.

The sick woman looked at him with hungry and yet strangely timid eyes. Then she looked at the perambulator.

"There's a little jule aw a sister for yer, Patsy," she whispered, stroking his hand. Patsy did not answer.

"Won't ye take a bit of a peek at her, Patsy?" she pleaded.

Patsy half turned his head toward the perambulator, but the sight of those four wheels holding it up so airily was too much for him. He shook his head sulkily and swallowed hard.

"Me boy, me boy, what is it?" whispered his mother tremulously, with the tears on her white cheeks.

It was all too much for Patsy. He broke down and bawled most vigorously.

"I wanted dem wheels!" he cried through shaming tears. "I wanted dem wheels for me wagon!"

"Me boy! Me poor boy!" was all the mother said, drawing him down on her breast with jealous love. Then she released his quivering body and he made his escape.

"Tis a useless old rag aw a thing, that carriage," ventured Patsy's mother, several hours later, to Mother Connors.

"Tis good for tin more!" protested the old nurse. "An' givin' me a headache continous, wid its jigs'n' and squeakin'!" the sick woman added.

"A bit uv butter on th' wheels," suggested Mother Connors.

"No, no! 'Tis the slight av it turns me head these days. Would yez mind, Mistress Connors, puttin' it out in th' hall an' tellin' Mistry mebbe he could be shippin' it off somev'ere w'ere 'twouldn't be worritin' his mother? I can do fine wid th' baby in a bit av me own bed, I'm thinkin'."

And Patsy, two days later, airily escorting Mamie Ziska on an enchanted tour of the North river wharves, neither knew nor understood. The one in all his sky, in fact, was that certain nimble wife of the west side, reading the legend which still adorned his wonderful wagon box, thereafter placed upon the lady of his desires the ignominious sobriquet of "Omelet Mamie!"—Arthur Stringer, in the New York Herald.

St. Peter Welcomed Him.

"May I come in?" asked the careworn shade as St. Peter appeared in response to his knock at the gate.

"What was your occupation while on earth?" asked the veteran gatekeeper.

"I published a weekly newspaper," replied the applicant.

"Of course it had the largest circulation in the country," said the old man in a tone that savored of sarcasm.

"No, the smallest," answered the man outside the golden portals.

And after St. Peter had recovered from the shock he threw the gate wide open and invited the new arrival to enter and take his choice of harp and halo.

He Bought Cherries, All Right.

"So your wife accused you of spending that extra dollar in hard drink," interrupted Gus.

"Yes," replied Rousner, "but I told her I spent it in fruit."

"But you did not?"

"Oh, yes; I bought cherries."

"Get out! Where can you find cherries this time of year?"

"In cockfats."

FUN OF THE WORLD.

There is a story attaching to one of Bismarck's cigars, relates the Westminster Gazette. The first Lord Ampthill called upon the Chancellor, and while he waited, out came Count Harry Armin, fanning himself with his handkerchief, and looking as if he were about to choke. "Well," he said, "I cannot understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havana in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." When the Englishman entered the apartment he found Bismarck, apparently gasping for breath, at the open window. "What strange tastes some people have," he said. "Armin has just been with me, and he was so overpoweredly perfumed that I could stand it no longer, and had to open the window."

From a personal letter the following story of the President's family is taken:

"The present occupant of the White House until the recent renovation found it cramped quarters for a large family. With one or two of the little Roosevelts off at a boarding school, there were enough beds to go round, but none to spare. Well, last winter the President was entertaining a foreign envoy of great state and many years, and invited him to the White House over Sunday. He was put in Ethel's room and Ethel, when she came out of school Saturday, went up to sleep with Alice, but unfortunately Kermit did not know of this arrangement. So, when early morning came, mindful of his strenuous inheritance, he crept to Ethel's room with a pitcher of water, and softly opening the door without awakening the slumbering Ambassador dashed forward and threw the icy water over the bed with the shout: "Get up, you old lady bones; get up!" "Then, when a gray head was lifted from the pillows, dripping and alarmed, the astonishment was mutual and the departure of the youngster instantaneous—without his pitcher."

There is a story which Sir Edward Malet recalls of a situation hardly equalled in fiction. A certain Cardinal at an evening party, when pressed by an admiring circle of ladies to say whether he had ever received any startling confessions, replied that the first person who had come to him after he had taken orders desired absolution for a murder which he confessed to having committed. A gentle shudder ran through the frames of the audience. This was turned to consternation when, ten minutes later, an elderly marquis entered the apartment, and eagerly claimed acquaintance with the Cardinal. "But I see your eminence does not remember me," he said. "You will do so when I remind you that I was the first person who confessed to you after you entered the service of the church."

Very amusing is the story of the strenuous ride of a tenderfoot New York correspondent who visited Sharon Springs last month with the Presidential party. As soon as he mounted, one of the cowboys said, "Wow," the conductor of the train waved a red flag, the engineer let out a squirt of steam, and the correspondent went through Sharon Springs leaving a cloud of dust behind him that looked like the remains of a cyclone. He went through one fence and took the corner off one barn, and finally brought up against the side of another. A committee of villagers set him right, he remounted the horse, started again, and the last seen of him he was far out on the horizon followed by the rolling dust cloud. He came in later on a meek cayuse lent to him by a friendly cowboy, who incidentally informed him that he had been riding the most famous racehorse of that end of Kansas, and that the horse was trained to run when the reins were pulled tight and stop only when they were slackened.

An Irish undertaker was laying out the deceased husband of a weeping Hibernian widow. The corpse wore a wig, and it was very difficult to induce it to stay on straight, as wigs ought always to do, even if they don't. The bereaved widow was called to assist. "Go on," said a pot of glue, Mrs. McGovern, said the undertaker, "so that I may keep his wig where it belongs."

Mrs. McGovern set out after the sticking material, and after a time she returned. "Here's the glue for ye," said she with a sigh.

"Mrs. McGovern, you kin take back the mulligan," said the undertaker, "the difficulty is fixed. I used a tack."

And that was what caused the row.

The wedding had gone off without a hitch, and the bride and groom had departed amid a perfect shower of confetti, rice, and slippers. The process of departure had been watched with the keenest delight by little Ethel Hamilton, who, with her parents, was of the party of guests remaining behind.

Then, when the hum of excitement had died away, the childish inquisitiveness was manifested once again. "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" piped Ethel.

"For luck, my dear," replied a bridesmaid.

"And why," she asked again, "doesn't the pretty lady throw them back?"

"Oh," was the answer, "that would be rude."

"No it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her doting parents, who stood by. "Ma always does."

In addition to his many other qualities, the extravagant generosity of Dan Leno, the Englishman, is well known both in and out of the profession. Recently, in the middle of one of his successful tours, he ran up to town for a Sunday, and so happy was he to get back "home," after an absence of several months on the road, that he tossed his money about like a sailor on shore leave. Looking up at an old waiter who had been in his club for many years, Dan said:

"Maurice, how long have you been working for this club?"

"Ever since it was started, Mr. Leno."

"And what was the biggest tip you ever received, Maurice?"

"Two sovereigns."

"Well, my boy," said Leno, "I'll make that fellow look foolish. Here's a five for you. And, by the way, Maurice, what was the name of the fellow that gave you two pounds?"

"Well, Mr. Leno," said Maurice, after he had secured the five-pound note, "I think it was you, sir."

She was most fashionably groomed; every particle of her attire was up to date, and every woman turned to give her a second look. As she came to a crossing, however, she lifted her skirt a little higher, and, oh, horror! there was a hole in her silk stocking, disclosing the white flesh of her dainty little ankle beneath. One could not help seeing it.

"Gracious!" said I to my wife, "isn't it a shame that a young lady who is so well dressed should be so careless as to go about with a hole in her stockings?"

"Oh, you stupid," replied my wife. "That's just like you. Don't you know that there is a purpose in that? That young lady put that hole in her stocking purposely."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said.

"No nonsense about it. That young lady hides herself on her small ankle, and she is bound to attract attention to it. For that reason she has made a hole in her stocking, and she knows that every time she lifts her skirt just a wee little bit persons are going to see that hole and admire that ankle."

"Well, she certainly has a pretty ankle," I said.

"Sir! how dare you?" almost shrieked my wife.

I said more, and the subject of holes in stockings was not discussed any further.

A hand of wonderful shrewdness gave with their trick dogs an exhibition in front of a hotel in the Catskills. Isabel Weyroth returned to the hotel late from an afternoon's tramp through the hills, tired, desolate and forlorn.

Had she seen the dogs perform?

"I saw the tail end," she said, innocently.

"I see you can get a good meal in this dining-car," said the passenger from Oklahoma, tucking his napkin under his chin, "if you've got the price."

"I beg your pardon," remarked the passenger with the spectacles, who was sitting opposite, "but I think you mean the mean if you have the money. You have the price of the bill of fare, you will perceive."

Consulting him, he ordered some baked beans.

The little boy was doing his home lessons, and was asked, "What was the name of the man who supported the world?"

"Oh, he supported the world, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

The little fellow was perplexed for a moment, but after some thought, said:

"I expect he must have married a rich wife."

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

This is cotton's week.

That El Reno police sensation has gotten to the 6-point stage with the Democrat.

John Golobish should be jailed until the Serbian trouble quiets down. John is something of a pretender himself.

Newkirk is twice as temperate as Chicago. Indeed, it is said that Chicago sometimes feels ashamed.

Here is a "bunch" from the End Events: Statehood glimmers down the corridor of the future like the rear-end of a lightning-bug.

That family "driven to desperation," of which all the papers have a notice, should not be forgotten by the keepers of the sufferers' fund.

End is making love to Lahoma through its best proxy, Everett Purcell. Lahoma has said that it favors a new court house for Garfield county.

The Enterprise states that Lawton's ambition is to be the Chicago of the Southwest. If reports are true, the town has made a good start in its city council.

A man is not doing his duty these good times unless he is making more than expenses. Everybody in Oklahoma, however, seems to be doing their full duty.

End Events: With Dave, Vic and Myron in congress how long will it take the Wichita Eagle to become a congressional Record? Or has it made its congressional record?

Tom Hensley is a good Democrat. Moreover he quotes the Eagle on the funeral of Bill Cross, which simply proves that Hensley knows a corpse, though it is not labeled.

Post Oak Jim, an Indian, has taken the mumps from a white climber in the Comanche county jail. And so the white man entitles to heap injuries on the poor American native.

Dover is enjoying a merry-go-round. Carmen was visited by one not long since, but all the riders were unwilling ones as nature had provided no seats and had on too great a head of steam.

Since Lawton's founding, there have been four days on which no arrests have been made. Now watch some knocker claim that he couldn't locate the marshal on twice that number of days.

Jerre Johnson is on the war path again. Notwithstanding the fact that most of the ladies at Newkirk drink tea, the News-Journal announces that there is enough poison in every pound to kill 600 cats.

The first barrel of Lawton oil was not sold at auction on the day set because the owner was called away by a funeral. The man that buys that barrel wants to watch out now when he pulls the plug out. Floods are worse than microbes.

Ponca City Courier: A young man measuring six feet nine inches in height attracted a good deal of attention on the streets this morning. People turned to gaze at him in wonder as they passed by and some of the small boys couldn't resist the temptation to tug him. He is a stranger here and says he is working on a farm not far from here.

Judge Beauchamp is now being sympathized with, because his district is threatened with an enlargement in the shape of Greer county. The supreme judges can handle the people of the territory as no other public officer, because of this same sympathy. In the east, it is a common every-day occurrence for people to flout for contempt.

Hobart News-Republican: Twins are not so uncommon as to excite wonder or give surprise, that is, ordinary twins. But Klowa county has sored about the ordinary and has taken to the extraordinary way of achieving results. "A few days ago," says J. L. Sewall, a woman who lives sixteen miles southwest of town, gave birth to twins who were endowed with full sets of teeth."

Now, while this is an unheard of freak of nature, Oklahomaers are not at all surprised. Indeed, they would not be surprised at anything. If it had been reported that the children on the day of their birth were able to hold intelligent conversation in two or three different languages, rope a steer or run down a coyote, many of the old-timers would have said that it was no more than expected, for this is a country of wonderful possibilities, and the half has never yet been told. The children,